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The Commonweal

July 20, 1951

THE IMPACT OF THE WEST ON ASIA

Arnold Toynbee

Don't You Agree?

Stuart Chase's "Roads to Agreement"

ED WILLOCK

Volume LIV 15c Number 15

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"...Let Your Petitions Be Made Known to God"

ST. PAUL
PHIL. 4:6

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Editor: Edward S. Skillin
Contributing Editor: Philip Burnham
Managing Editor: Edward F. Meagher
Feature Editor: John Cogley
Assistant Editor: William Pfaff

Associate Editors
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Francis Downing
Cinema: Philip T. Hartung
Theatre: Walter Kerr

Advertising Manager: John Brubaker

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

The Wall

IT COMES as no great surprise to learn that the influence of the Kefauver TV show and the MacArthur hearings has made itself felt on baseball, the national pastime. In one game played recently in the Midwest, the umpires were for the first time equipped with small microphones, hooked up to the public address system, the purpose being to put the fans in closer touch with all that was going on, including the conversations that transpired between the umpires and the players.

What the effect of this will be on the state of public morality, if the innovation becomes a general practice, no one can say, but it does seem almost inevitable that the democratic process should eventually filter down through the national life like this and afford the man in the stands a full opportunity to hear both sides of the story.

This hunger for all the facts can become sheer curiosity at times (some newspapers make it a policy to publish the names and addresses of rape victims—for what valid reason, it is hard to know) but by and large the habit of going after all the facts is a sane and essential practice in a country where the people have a vested interest in keeping well informed.

We have come to have a firm and pragmatic belief in the notion that everything will come out all right provided that we have the opportunity to gather and go over all the facts involved. It is because we have this belief that we are inclined to look on the possibility of a peaceful understanding with the Russian people as something that is very nearly beyond our reach. They are a people deprived of the necessary facts, and we are without the means of informing them of our real intentions.

The Congress has tried to make contact with the Russian people by passing and sending to the President of the USSR a message saying that "the American people deeply regret the artificial barriers" separating them from the Russian people. In sending this message President Truman has again made it clear that Americans "desire to live in peace with all peoples."

One cannot help but feel that, for all the good it will do, this is like talking to the wall, but even so it is worth our while to make this gesture for the sake of the effect it will have in this country as well as for any possible effect it might have in Russia. There will naturally be a growing tendency here to identify the Russian people with their rulers and to interpret modern Soviet imperialism as a simple extension into our era of an aggressive impulse that the Russians have demonstrated in the past. This line of thinking can lead to a point where we begin to believe that the Russian people, unlike any other people, are born with a lust for conquest in their blood, and as we accept this oversimplification we lose sight of the fact that the Russian people are now the slaves and victims of a tyranny that has stifled the greatness of the Russian tradition and has replaced it with a system that is to a considerable extent non-Russian in origin and intention.

It is much the easier way to take the view that the Russians are savages from away back. But if we are to go on hoping that we can somehow release the Russian people from the great tragedy of their present circumstances, it is up to us to keep alive a belief in their membership in the human family and in the day when they will again be free to speak and to listen, as they would undoubtedly prefer to do today. We can never afford to forget that in one very real sense there is no such thing as an Iron Curtain between us.

Peace with Germany

IT SEEMS like a very long time ago since President Roosevelt's voice was heard, solemn and grave, asking the Congress of the United States to declare war on the German Reich. Actually it is some months short of a decade.

It would be difficult to say just what the

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general mood was at that time in America. Certainly there was a strong feeling against Germany, matched only by the vehemence of anti-Japanese feeling. There was also a note of relief. After the long isolationist-interventionist debate and the uncertainty in this country while nation after nation collapsed in Europe, there was a certain satisfaction in knowing that finally the die was cast and we were in the war until victory was achieved.

Roosevelt spoke to Congress the day after Pearl Harbor; popular indignation was still running very high. Even the isolationist Chicago *Tribune* promised its wholehearted support for the duration of the war that stretched ahead. There was that day a greater spirit of unity and purpose here than has ever existed since.

How many gave a thought to the settlement that would eventually have to be made with Germany? Probably very few. The immediate problems of life in the Hitler-ridden world were too pressing. Later, during the war, there was recurrent discussion, some of it reprehensible by any humane, Christian standard, some of it rankly sentimental. Remember the newspaper debate about a hard *versus* a soft peace and all the argument over the Morgenthau plan?

It was possible then to talk of Germany as if it were an abstraction. When we thought of the millions in the Reich, they were generally typified by Hitler and the arrogant Nazi chieftains who were omnipresent on our screens and in our newspapers. Later, after the victory, the Nazi leaders receded to the background and communications were resumed with ordinary people. There was a great deal of understandable bitterness at first but this gradually subsided because of inevitable human, man-to-man contacts during the Occupation. In 1945 it would have seemed fantastic to predict that just three years later—during the airlift—the leaders of America would be lavish in their praise of the population of Berlin. Today, due to the tension between the West and Russia, the Germans are regarded more as hopeful allies than chastened pariahs.

If one were to formulate the general attitude in the United States toward the German problem at the end of the war, it would probably go like this: we should occupy the country, destroy the last vestige of Nazism, establish the basis for a free, democratic Germany, take precautions against any revival of militarism and put upon the Germans such punishments as to make it inescapably clear that they must pay for their adventures. When all this was accomplished—when the Germans had learned their lesson and were ready to be received back into the society of respectable nations—then we should get out, make a peace and give them every help in getting on their feet again.

Under the circumstances, with Germany a key point for the East-West struggle, it is hard to say how much of this has been accomplished. It seems that Nazism is dead, but in the face of Communist aggression, the victory against it at the psychological level is not as complete as it might be. Nazism was ostensibly an anti-Communist force and there are many in Germany who are still half-convinced that its defeat was not a complete victory for the cause of freedom. A free, democratic Germany is a joke. One half of Germany, in President Truman's words, is a province of the Soviet empire; the other lives at the foot of a volcano that might erupt at any time. The military spirit is now actually encouraged. Whatever objections have been made against a German soldiery have come from the Germans themselves. Only one thing the Germans would agree on: they have suffered. But whether it was meaningful suffering—accepted as their just rewards or in a cynical spirit—is at best dubious.

If all the good things that General MacArthur holds have been done in Japan are actually true and lasting, then the Occupation there is quite a contrast to the four-power Occupation in Germay. Because of Communist imperialism and the inevitable conflict of interests between a slave and a free concept of government on German soil, the psychological value of the Occupation was lost and the hope of reestablishing that nation to an honorable and secure place in the free world is dim.

• NEXT WEEK •

DANIEL M. CANTWELL writes of race relations in Chicago.

"Even now, as the industrial civilization manufactures an extra hour and announces summer is here, many of us are oppressed by anxiety: will Chicago get through the summer without a race riot? Summer has proved to be the dangerous time. It is easy to get a crowd together to protest, should a Negro family move into a 'white' block."

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It is impossible even to make a unified peace with Germany. One by one the nations have to make their separate agreements. The best that can be done is a declaration that war with her is at an end. That the United States plans to do, while reserving all rights due her by reason of the victory. It is not at all the way we thought it was going to be when the war ended. The present status of Germany represents one more example of how the Soviets have betrayed the peace that was so harshly won.

Apathy

THE other day, Eric Johnston, the Economic Stabilizer, left his office in Washington and came to New York, where he made a swift tour of some grocery stores on Manhattan's West Side. Walking into one store, he said: "I'm Eric Johnston, Economic Stabilizer—ever hear of me? I came into this grocery store to see how prices are doing and what you think about them."

Not everyone in the store had in fact heard of Eric Johnston. "Who is this guy Johnston?" a clerk asked. One customer, after being told who he is, said: "It's very nice to know some people try to take care of us."

The business of controlling prices is obviously something so complicated that people need to be taken care of in this regard. But it might be a good thing for the average shopper to become better acquainted with all the men in Congress who are blocking Johnston's best efforts to get a strong price control law.

One wonders what would happen if these same congressmen were put in Johnston's place. How devoted would they be then to the doctrine of a control-free economy? After all, Mr. Johnston is not a socialist. He comes from a strict Chamber of Commerce background and he has always had an articulate and vigorous faith in a capitalist system as free as possible from controls. The same applies to Charles Wilson, the Director of Defense Mobilization. Yet today both of these men are down on their knees pleading with the Congress and the American people to enact a strong controls law. They are, to be sure, free of the pressures exerted on congressmen by the big lobbies—and that does make a difference.

Surely Mr. Johnston has never been in favor of abolishing the National Association of Manufacturers as a dangerous influence on American life. Yet today, Earl Bunting, the managing director of the NAM, is all for making it impossible for Eric Johnston to do his job. When Bunting was presented with the argument that the limited controls we now have on the books have in fact had the effect of holding prices at their present levels at least, he said: "The leveling off of prices was not due to price control but to [the] vast volume of goods seeking a market. All that price control did was to recruit a vast new army of Federal payrollers to tinker with the machinery of the American economy and harass business with an endless flood of regulations and paper work."

The tragedy is, Bunting may get his way. Several congressmen say that they are not receiving any great amount of mail demanding controls. They take this public apathy to mean that the people do not want controls.

We think it is more important to determine what the people *do* want. And we believe they want low prices. It is the belief of every official in charge of our economic mobilization that we have yet to experience the real pressures of inflaiton and high prices. And it is their unanimous belief that strong controls are necessary to level off this inflationary trend.

One way to settle this argument would be, of course, to take Bunting's advice for six months and by that time prices would be so high, and economic disaster so near, that it would be quite unnecessary to bother your congressmen about the matter.

Spanish Pastoral

THE Spanish hierarchy issued a pastoral letter a few weeks after the strikes in Barcelona and Madrid against the high cost of living. The first explanation made by the Spanish Government was that the strikes were Communist-inspired—this despite the fact that Spain is supposed to be free of Communism. The Archbishops wrote: "The State should see to it that (1) there is enough work for all those who make their living with their own hands, (2) essential foodstuffs do not become scarce and (3) prices be within the reach of the working people who live on a fixed salary." The prelates added: "Those in public office have the most grave duty of promoting in justice the common good of society. Society is not made to fit the interests of those in power, but rather civil authorities are intended to serve society." In one place the Archbishops wrote: "Genuine Catholicism teaches that justice must come first of all before alms and works of charity."

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The Professional Approach

"THE participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." That's the formula for Catholic Action. I don't know that anyone has formulated the more general term "lay apostolate." Both gained usage in recent years. Now in school the kids hear a great deal about the apostolate of the laity I suppose, and they are probably growing up with a lot more mature view of the layman's role in the Church than we had.

It wasn't so long ago that we had the idea that the "religious" ones among us grew up to be priests or nuns. A zealous lay person was suspected of having resisted a religious calling or of having made a great mistake somewhere along the line. If you weren't meant to be a priest or religious, it was thought, at best you could grow up to be something called a "good Catholic." That meant that you would get a job, probably marry, raise a good family and ever remain close to the Church and the sacraments. A high enough ideal but not very exciting or challenging. At best it spelled an altar and rosary society future; at worst the mediocrity of dues-paying membership.

We were isolationist-minded. We looked upon the doctrines of our religion more as something that we should defend, when there were no priests around to do it for us, than as something we should disseminate and try to give meaning to in the world. The sectarian view of Catholicism manifested by priest-rabbi-minister jokes didn't offend us in the slightest. We had words like "right-hander," "cross-kisser," to identify each other. Maybe these words started out as pejoratives—I don't know. I only know that we used them to mean that someone *belonged*.

The ones who became priests, brothers or nuns were looked upon as professionals. We had very little notion of a Christian lay vocation. When a good word was heard for marriage it was often added that without marriage we wouldn't have any celibate religious. So even the little glory given to the Sacrament of Matrimony was a reflection. Some of the more famous passages of the New Testament were given special twists in our minds and we thought of them as applying solely to the "professionals." The Martha-Mary incident, the "If thou would be perfect . . .", the giving up of mother, father, sister and brother—we never even thought of applying them to the life of the layman.

At times we might envy the apostolic daring of religious who went off to pagan lands as missionaries. It never occurred to us that there were grave spiritual challenges facing us in our own state in life. I think that we believed our part in the world-wide apostolate was almost limited to subscribing to the magazines that supported the missions.

We had the crudest ideas of a lay apostolate. We might think of converting people. Rarely did we give a thought to changing the world we lived in, "restoring all things in Christ." The profane things of the world —politics, race relations, business, war, labor conditions, the social order—these things and religion seemed to have nothing in common. I think we subconsciously thought of God as being interested exclusively in religion.

When the Catholic was anti-Semitic, supported restrictive covenants, fought labor unions, was mixed up in shady politics, we saw little or no contradiction; nor, I suspect, did the erring ones themselves. The dubious "prominent Catholic," in social life, business life, in the labor movement, in the political party, was commonplace. We had jokes about certain politicians who were seen at five different Masses at five different churches on the Sunday before election, and we read about certain famous contributors to Catholic institutions with a great deal of cynicism strangely mixed with pride that they were holding their own in the cold, cruel alien world.

Then we began to hear something about Catholic Action. At first it was all mixed up with selling chances on Buicks, building new rectories and subscribing to the diocesan paper. It seemed to be just a new name. Later, in high school and college, we identified it somewhat with the defender of the faith idea.

When we studied ethics for instance, it was to be equipped with the answers to the arguments we'd hear later in office and factory. We thought we had the ready answer for all objections. One, two, three strikes, you're out! That's the way it was supposed to be if you studied hard and got all the formulas down cold. Every Catholic school graduate a whiz-bang apologist. Every graduate doing Catholic Action!

Slowly during the past fifteen years there has grown up something now called the lay apostolate. It has gone ahead while official Catholic Action has been bogged down somewhat in exegesis and theorizing. This apostolate, the lay apostolate, has generally taken the form of movements. The people in these movements chummily refer to each other as being "in the apostolate." There is quite a diversity between the movements, and most of them publish their own papers and magazines, earnestly putting forth their own special interests.

Whatever meaning the lay apostolate has in this country, these people undoubtedly supply it. They have worked hard, at the cost of sacrifices. Sometimes they have been betrayed by an excess of zeal, but that is the worst that can be said for them. Yet I hope they are only pioneers. I hope that the idea of a lay apostolate never gets wholly identified with a handful of professionals and a few movements composed mainly of exceptional and highly articulate people, the way the whole notion of a Christian apostolate used to be exclusively identified with the clergy and dedicated religious. I hope that the lay apostle doesn't become a certain kind of Catholic, but that every Catholic becomes a certain kind of lay apostle. That is the real challenge. And we have a long way to go.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Impact of the West on Asia

The East, in adopting Western technology, has inherited a series of new social problems.

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

ASIA is certainly waking up today; the Western world is aware of that by now, because this great stir that has begun to make itself felt in Asia in our time has already made an impact on our own lives—not just an impersonal impact either, but one that is already affecting the daily lives of ordinary men and women in Western Europe, America, Australia, and New Zealand. But there are two points about what is happening in Asia which some of us in the West may not yet have realized so clearly. The first point is that, in hitting us—as Asia is hitting us just now in the south Persian oil fields, among other places—Asia is not just hitting out; she is hitting back. The second point is that, in waking up, as she is waking now, Asia is not waking for the first time. Each of these points is, I think, worth looking into.

★

FIRST, then, about the hitting. To us it may seem today as if Asia were taking the offensive against us, but to the Asian peoples it does not look like that at all. To them it looks as if they were now at last just beginning to stand their ground and hold their own against a Western offensive from which they have been suffering for at least four centuries and a half—for they have been feeling our pressure ever since Vasco da Gama reached India by sea round the Cape of Good Hope in 1498. During all that time, as the Asian peoples see it, they have been on the run. By the end of the nineteenth century, an aggressively expanding Western world had almost driven Asia to the wall. If she has saved herself, at the eleventh hour, from the West's military, political and economic domination—and Asia is not yet sure that she has saved herself—she has anyway done it only by the skin of her teeth.

Now for my second point, that Asia's present awakening is a reawakening from a trance that has not been her normal state, and has also not occupied more than a fraction of her life-history up to date. These four-and-a-half centuries of impotence and subjection seem a long time to the Asian peoples only because any time, however short, is bound to seem long to anybody who has to pass it as underdog. Asia, as we all know, has been awake before. She woke up first into civilization—if we can assume that civilization is a waking state—while the rest of the world was still sleeping the long quiet sleep of primitive human life. I have just said "Asia woke up to civilization first;" but I should like for a moment to drop these conventional labels "Asia" and "the West," which are, I personally believe, superficial and misleading. I would rather talk simply of us, meaning "us the human race;" and I would rather say that Asia was the place where we woke up first.

There is a real point, I believe, in this change of words. The point is that Asia's achievements during the four or five thousand years ending about the year 1500 of our era were the making of the modern Western civilization that has conquered the oceans and dominated Asia since then. The strength drawn by mankind in the West from mankind's previous achievements in Asia was the source of the power that recently enabled a small Western minority of the human race to dominate the majority for a time—and the story runs on in the same vein of give-and-take. For the source of the power that is now enabling the majority of mankind in Asia to reassert itself against a Western minority is the strength which Asia has begun, within our own lifetime, to draw from the recent achievements of the West. By the nineteenth century, our Western predominance had brought Asia to a pass at which she was faced with the stark choice of either learning to use our Western tools or else going under. Naturally she chose to learn the "know-how" of this alien Western technology, and, in so far as she is managing today at last to hold her own against the West, she is resisting us with Western weapons.

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IF Asia could stop there, we perhaps might imagine the world going back to something like the state of equilibrium in which it had been before da Gama rounded the Cape and dropped anchor off Calicu. We might imagine the Asian

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ARNOLD TOYNBEE is the author of A Study of History. This article forms a part of a series of radio talks given in England and appears here by arrangement with The Listener, a publication of the B.B.C.

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peoples adopting just enough of our modern Western technology to push us back within our own Western bounds again and keep us within bounds for the future; and we might then imagine Asia allowing herself to fall asleep again. But mankind's present problem in Asia is not so simple as that. You see, it is impossible to set up a water-tight bulkhead between technology and economics on the one side and ethics and religion on the other, because our Western technology is not just an efficient high-powered way of doing what we want with inanimate nature. It has in it something more than that; there are latent in it an idea, an ideal, a hope; and these imponderable spiritual fellow travelers with our Western technology cannot be kept at arm's length. We know that we ourselves in the West cannot elude the spiritual consequences of our own technical inventions, and this is equally impossible for any Asian people that has once taken our Western technology up.

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WHAT is this hope, this ideal, this idea which our modern Western industrial revolution has brought with it? It is the possibility, and therefore the duty, of reducing, and perhaps in the end abolishing outright, the odious social inequality between one class of human souls and another which, together with war, has been one of the great blots on the copybook of human civilization so far. In Asia, Europe and America in turn, civilization has spelled for us, during these last few thousand years, an advance in the arts and sciences which has gone staggeringly fast and far compared with the snail's pace of our progress in these same fields during the hundreds of thousands of years through which we went on living on the primitive level before the birth of civilization followed the birth of human nature. But this new and recent way of life that we call "civilization" has made us pay for the material and spiritual benefits that it has brought us by dividing the human family. It has divided us into slave-owners and slaves, masters and servants, an active and competent minority and a passive and helpless mass from which the minority has levied an exorbitant tribute in the coin of privilege in return for indispensable services that this minority has rendered to society.

Our modern Western social revolution—for that is what the social changes of the last two centuries amount to—has been an economic revolution as well as a political one. It was not for nothing that the eighteenth-century Industrial Revolution in Great Britain broke out at the same time as the political revolutions of 1775 in North America and 1789 in France. The Industrial Revolution has given our modern Western world an advantage that no previous civilization has ever enjoyed. It has given it the material power to put its social ideals into practice. For the first time in history a society has commanded the practical means of extending the boons of civilization from a privileged minority to mankind at large.

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OF course this power, like all power, may be misapplied. We may use our technology, as we now are painfully aware, not to extend the benefits of civilization to all classes, but to destroy civilization, and perhaps even to extinguish life itself on this planet. This tragic ending to the stories of civilization and humanity is a possibility, but it is also only one of the possibilities, and the other is that we may, after all, use this great gift of vastly increased power over physical nature for the beneficent purpose for which it is manifestly intended. This is the issue which the recent progress of our Western technology has raised for the West—and, now, here is the point that I want to make about this in connection with our present subject: the same issue arises for every community, inside the Western world or outside it, which takes this challenging Western technology up. The Asian peoples have taken it up, as we have been noticing, for their own purpose of holding their own against the West, but they cannot take technology up for a purpose of their own without exposing themselves to *all* the social effects of technology. In taking technology up, the Asian peoples have exposed themselves to the challenge that technology presents to a regime of social inequality which is as old as civilization itself. So I do not hesitate to prophesy that an Asia which has once mastered the use of our Western tools will find herself wrestling with her own domestic problem of social injustice long after she has finished settling accounts with the West.

At present, no doubt, Asia's struggle to free herself from a temporary Western dominion over her looms large to both parties. I am not going to try to go into the rights and wrongs of this struggle here; I will simply state my own opinion that Asia's recovery of her political and economic freedom is a foregone conclusion, and that this will bring the modern chapter of history to an end which we Westerners have no right to resent and no reason to regret.

If you have had dealings with Indians both before and after that great and, as I would also say, glorious event in Indian and British history, I wonder whether you have found, as I have, that the atmosphere of the relations between Indians and English people has changed for the better beyond all expectation.

But in Asia, the traditional privileged minority and depressed majority still stand over against

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one another in harsh contrast. This schism in the body social of a society in process of civilization has lost little of its sharpness here so far; and an imported Western technology is now challenging this ancient Asian social inequality by awakening in the souls of the depressed Asian peasantry those ideas, ideals, and hopes that I have nicknamed technology's spiritual fellow travelers.

★

ASIA today might almost be defined as that part of the world in which these hopes, ideals and ideas that technology carries with it everywhere are still only at the beginning of the job on which, in our Western world, they have been at work by this time for the best part of two centuries. If we do define Asia in these social terms, we shall see at once that Asia covers a great deal of the world beyond the limits of the continent that has been labelled "Asia" by the geographers. This social "Asia" of mine includes, for instance, the whole of Africa and the whole of Indian America—and by "Indian America" I mean a chain of superficially Latin republics in which a depressed native peasantry is in the majority in the population, under the thin veneer of a privileged minority of European origin. This "Indian America" stretches all the way northward from Paraguay and Bolivia to Mexico inclusive; and in Mexico, on the doorstep of the United States, the Asian volcano erupted in 1910, a year before it erupted in China.

Under the bewildering surface of the continuous revolutions that have been going on in both Mexico and China during the last forty years, there is one phenomenon that is simple and plain. A peasantry that had previously been acquiescing —and this for hundreds and thousands of years on end—in serving as hewers of wood and drawers of water for a privileged minority, has at last been awaking from its slumber. It had submitted to its hard lot for all that time because, for all that time, it had never dreamed of any possibility of a change for the better. The impact of the West has put this dream into the mind of the Chinese and the Mexican peasantry. The dream has moved these once docile fatalists to assert themselves. And what has been happening in Mexico and China in our lifetime seems likely also to happen in one country after another in which those traditional Asian social conditions still prevail. This progressive awakening of the world's depressed peasantry is, as I see it, going to be the real reawakening of Asia. It is a reawakening with which the Asian ruling minorities in all Asian countries will have to reckon long after the temporary Western rulers of some Asian countries have disappeared from the local political stage. But this is far more than a local affair, because this Asian peasantry that is now reawaking from China to Peru and from Mexico to Java, amounts to at least three-quarters of the whole living generation of mankind. This is a world affair. It is one of the issues that are going to be decisive for the general destinies of the human race in a chapter of history that is now just opening.

What are the prospects? This next stage in mankind's earthly pilgrimage will certainly not be easy going. The reawaking peasantry, being human, are unlikely to be reasonable, and, being ignorant (even for human beings), they may carry their unreasonableness to perilous lengths. They are ignorant of what technology can and cannot do, and they are very ready to demand miracles of it which are beyond its capacity. In their ignorance they are apt to think of this outlandish Western technology as a cornucopia which can be made to churn out abundance for everybody just by turning a handle. If the flow of good things does not at once come tumbling out of the hopper, they are ready to suspect that some malicious hand is jamming the machinery for sinister secret purposes. They do not realize that the forces that have conjured this technology into existence in its Western birthplace and have kept it going there ever since, have been, not the visible mechanical forces working upon inanimate matter, but invisible moral forces at work in human souls—technology's spiritual fellow travelers, in fact. They do not realize that, if they are eventually to get material benefits out of technology, they must first put spiritual treasures into it—such rare treasures as self-discipline and patience and vision.

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IN mankind's hundred years' or thousand years' plan for producing a world-wide abundance, there are at least two obvious bottlenecks that are already catching the Asian majority of mankind by the throat. The first of these is the time that it takes to make those radical changes in ingrained habits and values that are required for performing the conjuring trick of turning a primitive peasant into a skilled industrial worker. The second bottleneck is the time that it takes, even when you have succeeded in breaking an immemorially old cake of custom, to build up your fund of technical skill. A few tip-top technicians can be educated in a single lifetime, perhaps. But what about the men and women of the rank of foreman or non-commissioned officers, whom an industrial society needs by the hundred thousand? And what about the hardly less numerous skilled hands and brains that are needed at all the many intermediate levels between the foreman and the management? To train up all these, and keep the numbers up, is likely to take several generations, at the shortest, for a society that has

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to start from scratch—start, I mean, at the traditional agrarian level that is Asia's level still today. But Asia today is impatient; she is not in a mood to wait; and, in saying this of her, I am not singling her out for castigation. I am simply saying that Asia today is no more reasonable and no more clear-sighted than we Westerners have shown ourselves to be during these last 200 years within which we have been launching mankind on a new technology age of its history.

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WHAT I am saying, you see, is that Asia—my "Greater Asia" which includes the whole of Africa as well as a large slice of the Americas—is a field that is almost asking for an enemy to come by night and sow tares in it. The enemy has, of course, turned up to take advantage of his grand opportunity, and I do not need to tell you who he is. I will remind you, though, that, in dealing with any enemy, it is always good strategy to look him in the face and take the full measure of his strength; and, in the present contest between Russia and the West for winning the soul of Asia—the souls of the peasant three-quarters of mankind — a Communist Russia has an appeal for Asia which it would be folly for us to ignore or even to underestimate.

Russia's appeal to Asia is, I think, this. Russia can say to Asia today: "Yesterday, I, Russia, was an old-fashioned peasant society, such as you are today. Like you today, I yesterday was depressed, ignorant, hopeless and tame. I was lying, then, as you are still, under the heel of a privileged native minority which was itself the creature of the Western masters of the world. But look at me now. See how I have pulled myself up to the Western level of efficiency, prosperity and power. What is more, I have done all this without Western aid. I have pulled myself up by my own bootstraps. And what I did for myself and by myself yesterday, you can do for yourselves tomorrow if only you will take my advice and follow my example."

So speaks the Russian tempter to a bewildered and discontented Asia. Of course there is, as always, a catch in what the tempter says to the intended victim whom he is stalking. But then Adam and Eve have never been good at seeing the catch in their temptations without a good angel to enlighten them. In this next chapter of our story, the Russian challenge to the West is a challenge to us to be Asia's good angel—the angel who will guide Asia's feet out of the Communist paths of destruction by showing her a Western way of peace. This is the West's next assignment, and no doubt it is the hardest one that has ever been put upon us Westerners yet. It is a call to rise above ourselves. This is a call that we cannot refuse. But it is also a call that we can only rise to with God's help.

FROM ENGLAND

Britain Seen by an American

A SHORT time back an American writer—whom I will call Dr. Smith—in an American Catholic review gave a survey of his experience of England in general and London in particular last summer. He was an acute observer of external things, well disposed towards my people: yet I think the article calls for comment as an example of good-willed criticism that is misleading, partly because of its historical and factual slips but still more because of its psychological inadequacy.

Dr. Smith says, "The most dominant impression I received . . . was that the Englishman lacks the enterprising spirit characteristic especially of the inhabitants of the central States of America who are nearest to the pioneering attitudes and traditions still prevalent." I should certainly expect this to be so; and my immediate rejoinder is, "so what?" And Dr. Smith's answer follows a few lines lower: "I will cite only the most striking characteristics that in my opinion make the English receptive to life under a paternal or socialistic state."

The first of these striking characteristics is illustrated by Dr. Smith's experience of our salespeople in the pipe, book, furniture and drug departments of a big store. To him it seemed that those men and women were indifferent about making sales, and that they were "living on the past and in the past." (I'll bet that psychological conclusion would have astonished—and amused—those men and women).

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NOW it is quite common for us to complain of the shortcomings of our shop-assistants (as we call them), especially of the younger women. On the other hand, were they to adopt the (to us) excessive solicitude and high-pressure salesmanship of their American counterparts, the result would be—a drop in sales. For an English man or woman goes into a shop to buy something—not to have something sold to him. That distinction is not really subtle: it is practical and far-reaching, and need not be enlarged upon. And when a shop-assistant says to us (as, believe me, Dr. Smith, they often do), "Can I help you?", we tend to giggle or even be impatient: for we know that they are there to sell, and when we want their help we'll ask for it. "Receptive of paternalism?"

Dr. Smith was so taken up with the salespeople that he did not give his impressions of the kind and quality of the goods they had to sell—a much more important matter, whether socially or morally, for salesmanship

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that is not a means to providing goods that are worth having is simply parasitical—and dishonest.

Dr. Smith's experience with our railroads duplicated that in the department stores; and though he admits that he had no means of verifying his suspicions, he wrote, "My guess is that the railroad employees were also sitting at desks and thus remaining inaccessible to the public." And my guess is that that was simply an anti-socialist guess.

Here again every Englishman must sympathize with Dr. Smith. Except in the important matters of speed and safety, American railroads can teach ours quite a lot. And our railways are notoriously understaffed: there are several reasons for this—and nationalization is not one of them. Yet Dr. Smith attributes the insufficient service to the fact that "the element of competition is now lacking in English railroading."

The important word there is "now." At the end of World War I, there were 120 separate independent railway systems in Great Britain. Partly as the result of experiences during that war, those 120 were in 1921 merged into four big systems. Between those four there was not much overlapping, and so competition between them was almost eliminated. Nationalization (an almost inevitable result of those mergers—Americans, please note), nationalization did not come till 1948; but it may almost be said there has been no railroad competition over here for thirty years. *If* then our railroad troubles are due to lack of competition, the blame lies primarily not with Socialism but with Big Business.

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WE ENGLISH have always been rather proud of our railways (I am writing these words within a few miles of the small remote mining-town where ran, on Christmas Eve 1801, the first passenger-carrying steam locomotive in the world's history: it went up the hill, an eyewitness said, "like a little bird"). And we hope and believe they are simply going through a bad patch. For the strength of our railways lies neither in competition nor nationalization, but in a far more important thing, a good tradition. Lack of competition is nothing new: what some of us fear is that the socialist *ethos* may weaken that good tradition in gangers and plate-layers, firemen and drivers, porters and—yes, Dr. Smith—"ticket-agents."

I think it is beginning to come clear that Dr. Smith's effort to make a fair report on some matters in my country was spoiled from the start by *parti-pris* against its present administration (which, after all, may not survive the next election). So much so that after watching the chronic shortage of taxis one fine day at Bristol, and listening to what a former RAF pilot had to say about the alleged difficulties put in the way of a better service, he concluded that "England is weighed down by traditions and the red tape that is everywhere a part of its socialistic government." I refrain from relating my own uncivilized experiences with taxis at Union Station in Chicago and elsewhere; and simply observe that red tape is not an invention of socialist bureaucracy, and that one of the objections advanced against socialism by its opponents (of whom I am one) is that it tends to destroy even good traditions.

"Another phase of utopian dreaming" that Dr. Smith finds to be "an inseparable part of socialism" is "the wish for leisure time for recreation, cultural pursuits, reading and study." Well now, surely that is a very worthy object and those pursuits most laudable; and if socialism encourages them that is at any rate one good mark for socialism. And perhaps were the American background more leisurely Dr. Smith would have had time to support a statement of absurdly short working hours by other evidence besides that of a Manchester business man that most firms there open at 10 a.m. and take two hours off for lunch! Who do? Executives? Granted that Dr. Smith was very shabbily treated at the National Portrait Gallery in London, his experience there is a slender foundation on which to rear the statement that "American and English ideals of courtesy and helpfulness are poles apart": especially after attributing an invitation to drink tea with the curator of the gallery to that official's unwillingness to cut short that rite for himself.

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DR. SMITH states that "the spirit or the religion that should help to motivate the realization of these material ideals is being smothered" by socialism. It may be so; but it is far, far too soon to judge. And having asserted confidently that "supernatural religion in London especially is on the way out," he proceeds to record a phenomenon that I confess puzzles me. He says that in and around London "church upon church is falling to ruins and that those still standing have truncated towers—towers minus the symbol of Christianity—the cross."

Now in London (and elsewhere) there are plenty of churches brought down by bombs, and it may well be that here and there are churches and chapels in bad repair or abandoned for some reason or another. But what about those towers? It has never been the custom in England, either before the Protestant Reformation or after, to put a cross on a church tower. And if by "tower" he means "spire," that was and is usually surmounted, not by a cross, but by a wind vane in the form of a cock—to remind us of St. Peter's denial. It is a pity that Dr. Smith saw none of the *new* churches that have been built.

"The salient obstacle to the perfect functioning of socialism from the Christian point of view," says Dr. Smith, "is man's tendency to evil." How true. But of course that obstacle does not in itself constitute an objection. For the same obstacle confronts the Christian religion.

DONALD ATTWATER.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Lay Apostles in the Field

I JUST got back from Pittsburgh, where the Newspaper Guild, CIO, held its annual convention. It was the union's 18th convention, but my first. When it was over I was proud of my union. In spite of the fact that this was an election year and the caucuses were jumping with political activity, the delegates worked hard on the problems facing them, the committees brought in intelligent, constructive reports, there was enough time to discuss things fully in committee and on the floor, the agenda wasn't loaded with guest speakers, the sessions were smoothly and democratically run, and in the end the delegates elected competent men to lead them for the next two years. A good union, a good convention.

I don't think the Guild is so unusual. Of course you would expect a union of newspapermen to be above the average. But I don't know why. Some of the most illiterate union members in the world can be found among the geniuses in the city room. And the most indifferent. They are lucky to have such a good union.

On the way home I stopped off in Philadelphia, where the ACTU, now 14 years old, was holding its convention. Delegates were present from a dozen cities where ACTU chapters, or similar Catholic labor groups, have taken root. Most of the delegates were young and eager and I got the impression that the movement is growing, slowly but surely. Still groping a little for the right way, but moving forward.

On the way home from Philadelphia I stopped off at THE COMMONWEAL and got into a session with John Cogley about the social encyclicals. Back in Boston, my brains numb from all the talk, I had lunch with a priest who is an expert on the Young Christian Workers and sundry matters concerning the lay apostolate. He found me an easy target. I took what he had to say with no more resistance than a blotter.

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WE WERE talking about the role of priest and layman in Catholic social action, that is, where one breaks off and the other begins. "The role of the priest," he maintained," is to be the soul of the apostolate. The soul cannot assume the functions of the body. It needs the body in order that there may be a full human life. In the same way the hierarchy, the priests, need the help of the laity to give full life to the Christian message.

"Ordinarily we think of lay organizations as sponsoring activities in which lay people help the priest to do the priest's work. (A successful curate is one who can get the laity to do half his work and the other curate the other half.)

"But the real lay apostolate is one in which the priest helps the layman do the layman's work. And this is a great work, an essential work. For it is only through the layman that the teaching Church can make its principles felt in the home, on the job, in leisure activities and in civic life.

"The layman has a unique competence, a competence which the priest cannot claim, because he is a priest and is therefore limited by his priesthood. It is the layman, not the priest, who is really at home in the union, in the factory, in the midst of a family, in the political arena. And it is only through the layman, not the priest, that these areas can be truly Christianized. For we must remember that the function of the Church is not to baptize individuals, but the whole fabric of society."

He didn't say it in just those words. That was the idea. I had to agree. I had seen in the ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) how the best work was done by priests who were willing to subject themselves to the discipline of the labor movement, to study its history and traditions and peculiar mores, so that they could talk to union men and help them, not simply to be better Catholics, but better union men. However, there were some difficulties.

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AT PHILADELPHIA we had a discussion at lunch one day on the dangers of the ACTU getting too involved in union politics—the business of throwing the Commies out, or the racketeers out, and putting the good guys in. ACTU work sometimes got confused with caucus work, "good guys" sometimes got confused with "Catholic guys," and the love of justice sometimes got confused with the love of power. This was the charge.

I don't think the ACTU has ever been so stupid as to confuse good guys with Catholic guys. The record is too loaded with Jews and Protestants, agnostics and unbelievers who received some form of ACTU blessing for their work in trying to clean up various unions. But politics, in unions or elsewhere, is a dangerous field for Catholic activity. Is it possible, or advisable, for priests to help laymen to do this kind of work?

I don't see why not. If a union, or a city, has become the tool of evil men, then it is certainly within the competence of a priest to help the layman restore that union or city to the service of the common good. Dangerous, yes. Difficult, yes. But inadvisable, no. In my opinion, highly advisable.

But this much is true. The function of the ACTU is not, as some may think, to develop leaders and get them into positions of influence in the labor movement. The function of the ACTU is primarily to develop Catholic trade unionists—that is, Catholics who are good trade unionists and trade unionists who are good Catholics. So that the kingdom of God may come on earth as it is in heaven. Whether these good Catholic trade unionists will be leaders, whether they will be elected to office, these things are secondary. And in any case, they are not

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something you have to worry too much about. Good men who are also good union men are not so common in the labor movement that anyone need worry overmuch about their getting ahead. Except where the Communists or the mob have the organization in a vise. Then you may have to blast, to burrow underground, to take extraordinary measures.

In a decent union you may find ACTU men in opposing camps. I have seen that and I think it is a good thing, a healthy thing. Because the camps were not based on moral issues, but on personalities and legitimate differences of opinion. I believe ACTU men on both sides were working for a common end, for the common good. I think it is right that the ACTU should stand for the widest possible freedom within the limits of right and wrong.

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IT IS foolish to be worrying always about getting men in the top jobs. Very often it is the rank-and-filer who does the work and is remembered kindly when he is gone. Many a promising man has been ruined, or reduced to mediocrity, by getting his hands on too much power before he was able to handle it. Good men is what we want, good trade unionists. When you have produced the men, you won't have to worry about getting support for them. The support will come from all quarters—from Jews, Protestants, even from Catholics.

Except in desperate situations the ACTU should not concern itself with building factions and caucuses within a union. This is not a bad work. It may be necessary work. Even the priest may find that he has to help the layman do this work. But the priest's job, and the ACTU's job, is not basically this, but something else. It is to help the union man to do *all* his work—in the union hall, in the factory, at home—so that Christ may live once again through him, so that Christ may live once again in him, so that other men may see Christ in him and, seeing, may desire that Christ live in them.

JOHN C. CORT.

The Stage

FAILURE AT THE TOP

THE American National Theatre and Academy is going through a series of soul-struggles at the moment, and one of the lesser problems now being hashed over has to do with ANTA's responsibility to the amateur theatre. The general idea, of course, is that ANTA, if it is to be worthy of its full title, ought to do what it can to improve non-professional theatre practice.

It seems to me that ANTA might much more properly devote itself to the improvement of the professional theatre. Within certain limitations, the amateur theatre pretty well takes care of itself, and the notion that a real liaison is to be created between them is, I'm afraid, one of those fond but not terribly practical day dreams.

The professional theatre itself, however, is in serious need of certain ministrations, and a properly constituted national theatre is the very organization to see to them. One of the most urgent is the establishment of a training laboratory in which actors already skilled in realism may find their various ways to the successful performance of classic, heroic, or poetic drama.

In the course of this past Broadway season, Mr. Louis Calhern, an actor of deserved reputation, attempted "King Lear" and displayed only his inadequacies; Mr. John Garfield, a similarly well-equipped and experienced performer, attempted "Peer Gynt" and dismayed admirers of years' standing; Miss Olivia de Havilland, whose previous work had been confined to films but whose insistence on doing relatively difficult film roles had brought her some credit as an actress, attempted "Romeo and Juliet" and wiped out two Academy Awards with her first thinly piped speech. A glance back over the years will as quickly bring to mind the catastrophic "Hamlet" of Leslie Howard, the dull "Othello" of Walter Huston, the disastrous "Cleopatra" of Tallulah Bankhead.

The point about all these people is not that they are —or were—bad or even terribly limited actors. On the contrary, they have been among our ablest, most experienced, most thoroughly professionalized performers. It is they who need help if American acting is ever to achieve the stature of that in some London companies, or in Louis Jouvet's.

It is significant that when ANTA talks of sending a representative American company abroad, it must immediately plan to send not an acting, but a ballet, company. We can bring the Old Vic, or the Jouvet group, here; but we cannot—we do not even dare think about it—repay in kind.

Our own best actors—and they are potentially good enough—are at the moment hopelessly cut off at something short of *their* best. Their training has circumscribed their style: they are often brilliant within the small, detailed niceties of a naturalistic technique; it is unjust—to them and to us—that they must seem like high school seniors the moment they are asked to vary, and to enlarge, their methods. Lee Cobb is a magnificent Willy Loman; but could he handle a Creon, an Agamemnon? He should be able to, and he shouldn't have to kill time between the rare contemporary assignments which will fit him by playing bit parts for Twentieth Century-Fox. It would be hard to find a finer fragment of acting than Frederic March's elaborate pretense of listening to a woman who suddenly bores him, in "The Autumn Garden." But March should long since have played Antony, and he should himself be getting ready to play Lear. Our most important stars—the Lunts, Hayes, Cornell—have each dared only one, or at the most two, bouts with Shakespeare.

American commercial production methods do not provide—and I do not see how they can be expected to

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provide—the kind of training our most competent performers desperately need. If the term 'Academy' is to mean anything in the ANTA format, it seems to me that, in the long run, it might well mean this: a school for professionals in which the best may learn to do better. The Kazan-inspired Actors' Studio is at present doing a first-rate job for actors in training them to the latest twist which realism has taken; no one, however, is doing anything to acquaint performers with the styles which preceded, and will very likely follow, realism once realism has exhausted its energies. Because of this vacuum in our training system, the greatest drama must either go unplayed or be played badly, and the most accomplished performers must be mercilessly exposed the moment they become the least bit ambitious.

Obviously ANTA possesses no machinery for such a training program at the present time; such machinery is not easy to set up, and no one supposes that it can be turned into a functioning reality by the simple process of voting it into existence. But during a period in which basic debates about ANTA's appropriate functions are going on, and in which the purpose of the organization is being slowly and laboriously defined, this seems to me a piece of machinery which ought to be envisioned and, if possible, created; it is one which only a national theatre can operate successfully and one which a national theatre might reasonably be expected to provide. And it would benefit the theatre where the benefit would do the most good—at the top.

WALTER KERR.

An Appeal

THE following letter was received from Rev. F. L. Martinsek, S.J., Bishop's House, Bankipore, Patna 4, India:

"The Chicago office of the Patna Mission Service (1100 May Street) has sent us notice of the kind donations that have been made by your readers toward the promotion of our work here in India. We wish to thank them most sincerely and assure them of a continuous remembrance in our prayers and Masses.

"There is a project in merely the planning stage which might be of interest. Not all the boys in our village schools are capable of taking a complete academic training. Hence a number of them have to stop their schooling before they have been properly trained in their Faith. To keep them with us longer it is proposed to have in each mission station a training program in some simple village trade, such as iron-working, carpentry, pottery, leather-working. This will keep the boys close to their village-life and still enable us to form them as Catholics. We believe they should not be uprooted from their surroundings but should integrate their Faith with their daily lives in the village of their origin. We ask your support, especially your prayers."

The Screen

TENNIS ANYONE?

THE game of tennis comes into its own this week with two new films in which the leading characters are masters of the sport. The real master of *"Strangers on a Train"* of course is its director, Alfred Hitchcock, who knows how to bring out a crop of goose pimples on anyone—and anything. He even succeeds in making something sinister out of a harmless and fascinating sport like tennis, and I'm sure in two of the scenes even the tennis balls have goose pimples. Hitchcock gets one of his most startling effects by focusing the camera on the audience in one episode; while all the heads turn back and forth in synchronized response to the ball, one head (that of Robert Walker, the villain of the piece) remains stationary while his eyes watch only Farley Granger, the tennis-playing hero of this exciting movie who is also the victim of Walker's diabolic machinations. In a later scene during some matches at Forest Hills, Granger is playing like fury to win his sets and to get away from the courts and elude the police who suspect him of murder. It is Granger's plan to reach the scene of the crime before Walker gets there to plant Granger's cigarette lighter, something that will definitely throw the shadow of guilt on the innocent man. Hitchcock, who never does things by halves, makes this episode even more exciting by having Walker drop the cigarette lighter down a sewer. Through suspenseful editing of the film, the screen shows us alternate shots of Granger sweating through three sets of tough tennis while Walker's sweaty hands are trying to reach through the grate and into the sewer. You may sweat a bit too.

The events leading up to this harrowing climax are pretty exciting too. Granger meets Walker for the first time on a train when the latter suggests they swap murders. Walker will kill Granger's unfaithful wife who refuses to give him a divorce, if Granger will kill Walker's father, whom the neurotic young man has long hated. Because Walker and Granger are really strangers and neither would have a motive for the murder he commits, the police would never suspect. Of course Granger, being a nice healthy young tennis player and a secretary to a U. S. Senator (Leo G. Carroll), is shocked at the idea. But he has real cause for horror when Walker carries out his half of the plan and then actually expects Granger to commit the other murder.

Without even giving too much thought to this plot, you realize that it has its fishy aspects. The fact that supposedly nice Granger is in love with his boss's daughter (Ruth Roman) while he is still tied to his tramp of a wife might cause you to raise an eyebrow. But when Granger doesn't go to the police as soon as Walker commits his crime, all your eyebrows will do a little quivering. Although "Strangers on a Train" does not hold up well as a whole, its individual parts are the

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work of director Hitchcock at his best. Each episode rises to a climax full of awe-inspiring terror, and scene after scene is jammed with Hitchcock tricks that leave you limp with excitement. The good cast includes Hitchcock's daughter, Patricia, who is able to throw more suspense into the situation because she resembles Granger's murdered wife and thus gives Walker's overworked mind some new ideas on the subject of strangulation. If "Strangers" has any fault, other than its incredible plot, it is in its director's being too clever for his own good. He piles on so much suspense that when the hectic finale (with Walker and Granger fighting on a merry-go-round) finally appears on the screen, the audience is already worn out and is in no condition to take even one more supercharged incident. You'll be glad to relax on the tennis court for a nice, quiet love match.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Communications

A Reply to Leigh White

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Leigh White's letter (July 6, 1951) charges that my review of his book, *Balkan Caesar,* has done him wrong. Some of the statements, he feels, are inaccurate. I regret that my conclusions differ from what the author evidently intended to convey, but I am convinced that they remain a true picture of what he actually did convey.

In an attempt to refute certain of my conclusions, Mr. White quotes four passages from his book. Every word of each of these is taken from his very last page, page 229. In my review I took note of these statements; I wrote: "Only in his last paragraph does he face the realities of 1951 and accept the policy of granting aid to Tito—with the condition that we exact from him a quid for every quo. This, it seems to me, is a tenable position. . . ." However, that last page is at startling odds with much of the rest of the book. Mr. White may have meant only what he said on page 229, but page 229 has by definition 228 pages preceding, and these can be abundantly quoted, in context, to support the conclusions I drew.

His book is based on the belief, which he himself quotes at the end of his protesting letter, that it is a dangerous fallacy to think that "by supporting National Communism we can impede the advance of Imperial Communism and thus prevent, or at least delay, a war that has already begun." Again and again he points out the futility and the danger of supporting Tito in the hope of impeding Stalinism. "If we depend on Titoism to stem the advance of Stalinism, as we depended on Stalinism to stem the advance of Hitlerism, we shall end up by coming to terms with Titoism as we came to terms with Stalinism, to our undoing, in 1945." "What would it profit the United States and its allies to defeat Stalinism at the cost of accepting Titoism?" ". . . a Communist victory, whether of the Stalinist, Titoist, or Maoist variety, will spell our ruin more surely than any atomic bomb."

Mr. White quotes with approval the statement of F. A. Voigt in the *New Leader*: "the effort of the Western powers to appease Tito has failed completely and there is nothing to indicate that it will succeed. . . ."

Mr. White also states: "Popovitch [Tito's ambassador to the United States] . . . was a Stalinist up to the eve of the schism, and only became a Titoist the morning after. Could it be that, like a number of other Titoists —not necessarily excluding Tito himself—he was parlaying his dialectics and preparing to bet on a Stalinist victory in the last race at Armageddon? Probably not. It was at least a possibility, though, and one that our own dialecticians, such as they are, would be foolish to overlook. . . . [Titoism] can demoralize the West as well as the East and lead to the acceptance of totalitarianism everywhere. Indeed it already threatens to do so, as the uncritical praise accorded *Tito and Goliath* attests. Bogdan Raditsa, registering a minority opinion in the *New Leader* (January 29, 1951), reminds us that Pierre Laval, in similar circumstances, once supported Mussolini in the conviction that the latter would be a valuable ally in the impending conflict with Hitler. Is Tito likely to be of any greater value to the West in its impending conflict with Stalin?"

As for the possibility of exacting concessions from Tito, Mr. White states: "Haggerty [John J. Haggerty, agricultural attaché of our Belgrade Embassy] predicts that, if we continue to subsidize Tito, he will gradually moderate his tyranny to 'a point that we can tolerate.' A point that *we* can tolerate! If that is the best we can hold out to the enslaved peoples of Eastern Europe, we may as well give up. The world will never be saved by timorous fat men paying tribute to international gangsters."

It is difficult to understand Mr. White's dismay at having all of the above interpreted as the author's opposition to aid to Tito and his belief in the futility of our attempting to exploit the situation in Yugoslavia.

As for the other point on which Mr. White believes I have misunderstood him—the granting of aid to unpopular and dictatorial governments that are opposed to Communism—I can find absolutely nothing I have said that is at variance with what he has stated time and time again. He believes strongly, for example—and since he includes a quotation in his letter to this effect, I presume it is not open to doubt—that we should support Franco. He acknowledges, however sarcastically, that Franco Spain is far from a model democracy: "It was wrong to lend $62,500,000 to Spain, we were told, because Franco is not popular with the Spanish people, because there is censorship of the press and radio, because Protestants in Spain are not free to proselyte against the Catholic Church, and because the Falangist government has curbed free enterprise in Spain almost as much as the Labor government has curbed free enterprise in Britain." Yet he believes that this should not prevent our granting financial aid to Franco. Likewise, he strongly implies, to

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Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, and if we had been wise enough, Mikhailovitch. He believes that the State Department's policy has been foolish since "as the *Saturday Evening Post* remarked in one of its trenchant editorials . . . 'the pattern is always the same. Whoever is fighting communism, and might therefore expect our support, turns out to be so corrupt, so feudal, so completely hopeless that we can't afford to be mixed up with him.'"

Mr. White's rebuttal to my statement that he recommends granting aid to anti-Communist governments, however unpopular and dictatorial they may be, is the very last sentence of his book: "We have the most solemn of moral obligations to exact the utmost in spiritual concessions from every tyrant who presumes to traffic with our alms." I did not state that Mr. White opposed seeking concession from such governments; I am sincerely glad that he favors such a course, although except for his famous last page, I had no inkling that he did. He makes no mention of conditions anywhere except in Communist nations and Spain that would offend the democratic sensibilities of a Thomas Jefferson. And even in Spain, as in the paragraph quoted on present conditions, he ridicules the importance of Franco's anti-democratic policies. Moreover, that he feels concessions are needless seemed apparent from the statement: "Fascism is merely a synthesis of communism, without which it could never have existed. Defeat communism and what remains of fascism, in Spain and elsewhere, will inevitably disappear."

The last point Mr. White objects to is my interpretation that he recommends that our "magnanimous guardianship be applied only against Communist governments." Here, I am afraid, he has taken my words out of context. As the previous sentence of my review stated, I was referring to intervention, the armed intervention he suggests: "Albania is precariously held by a Russian garrison cut off from any possibility of relief. As Voigt observes: 'The West could have established itself without difficulty in Albania—and can, in fact, still do so. . . . Once established in Albania, the West would be able to gain a foothold in Yugoslavia, for Tito would then be unable to resist the national forces in Yugoslavia, especially in Serbia, which would rally to the support of the West.'"

According to Mr. White's letter, the one page that he wants to be remembered by is page 229, the last page of his book. This page, unfortunately, does not seem to be consistent with whole sections of his book; it sounds like his resigned acceptance of unfortunate realities that he would most certainly change if he could—but can't. I believe it would have required wisdom bordering on clairvoyance to detect that this page was not a reluctant acceptance of already determined policy, but Mr. White's firm conviction. This being so, however, I am sincerely pleased that Mr. White and I are in steadfast agreement on so many points. Now if he will read my review again and acknowledge that I do not believe—as his letter insists I do—that Communism is a lesser evil than Fascism, I hope we shall have clarified ourselves into a state of amicable understanding. CAROL H. WEISS.

Don't You Agree?

By ED WILLOCK

THERE is a logical sequence in Stuart Chase's literary concerns. His *Rich Land, Poor Land,* which we read in the mid-thirties, was a document of indignation at the manner in which this primeval paradise of America had been raped of its raw resources in less than two centuries of glorious enterprise. I suppose that he wanted to do something about it. Mr. Chase is but one man (for all his influence) and I presume he tried to get others to cooperate with him in a reformative enterprise. It was thus that he discovered that our material deprivation had a spiritual counterpart. In setting ourselves against nature we have set ourselves against one another and by so doing have lost the principle of recovery. The carnage we have wrought individually can only be repaired by corporate action, but (and here is the rub) we have lost our ability to work corporately. This, I presume, is the remote cause of his writing *Roads to Agreement.* (*Harper.* $3.)

This is not an indignant book. Mr. Chase has been chastened by his own research. He pries not into the spiritual causes of individualism, but concerns himself with scientific techniques for facilitating friendly and orderly conference, to be followed by neighborly efficient action. He cites numerous cases where by the use of psychological gimmickry or happenstance people showed a propensity for cooperation to an edifying degree. His illustrations range from embattled soldiers and labor-management arbitrations to Quaker quietism and a contrived conference held in an ivied New England town wherein a battery of typewriters and mimeographs on one floor recorded laboratory experiments in conference on the floor below.

★

ANYONE who is trying to work in a fraternal way in cooperative or apostolic endeavors could read with some profit this "900 Ways to Keep Conferees from One Another's Throats." A detailed description of the art of walking should not sound too silly to a paralytic. It is time we admitted our social paralysis and attempted some self-conscious and awkward gestures in the direction of neighborliness and cooperation. Saint Paul would have been handicapped without his holiness. That is admitted. But he could have done little to unite Jew and Gentile under one roof had he not some concern for the art of cooperation.

It seems to me that Mr. Chase, due to his reverence for empirical technique, seriously weakens his own case.

ED WILLOCK is a co-editor of Integrity magazine.

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He gives little consideration to the fact of controversy, leaving the reader with the general impression that heated disagreement can never be attributed to the head or the heart but only to the liver. Living as we do in the midst of the greatest ideological war in history, it is somewhat naive to presume that technical devices alone ensure a chummy atmosphere.

A key to the naiveté may be found after you bruise your shins on a few of Mr. Chase's high curbstones when treading through the first chapters. One of these appears in his foreword when he refers to the book to come as an experiment in *integration*. In the next paragraph he betrays himself by his choice of analogy. Referring to his work of integration he tells us that the researcher in the science of human relations can "try to get the picture puzzle together."

Ordinarily it would be unfair to mock a man for his metaphors, but in the light of his concern for integration it is highly symptomatic that Stuart Chase should use such a figure of speech. Integration is the opposite of putting a picture puzzle together. This is not an act of integration but an act of assembly.

Motor cars can be put together, but roses cannot. Individuals can be assembled, but not persons. It is possible to assemble individuals in geographical proximity and then proceed to govern the traffic of bodies or conversation so as to avoid friction or collision. All of this can be done without any group integration's being achieved. Unity is not assembled, it is discovered. It either exists or it does not exist. It cannot be contrived. Agreement concerning practical specific actions, if it proceeds from a oneness of mind (that is to say, from an absolute immutable premise) is integral agreement. Anything less than this is a truce, a between-wars compromise, a state of concordat. If the state of truce is held up as a norm, or if it is considered as being preferable to valid explicit disagreement, then we are succumbing to scientific behaviorism and we are not seeking integrity but fission.

★

THE second high curbstone is Mr. Chase's pious genuflection in the direction of Galileo:

> The application of the scientific method has cleared up mystery after mystery in the last three centuries. Before Galileo the causes of events were mostly mysteries to be explained by supernatural happenings. How milk turned sour might be laid to goblins and was a deep mystery until bacteria were discovered. How witches rode broomsticks was a pseudo-mystery, but endless hours of acrimonious debate were devoted to it by minds as good as yours or mine. An electric flashlight would have been sheer black magic to our forebears.

Human agreement or, to use a medieval term, charity is not going to be achieved by post-Christians whose greatest boast is familiarity with flashlights. Pressing buttons and holding sophisticated notions about the nature of electricity may make for polite conversation and re-

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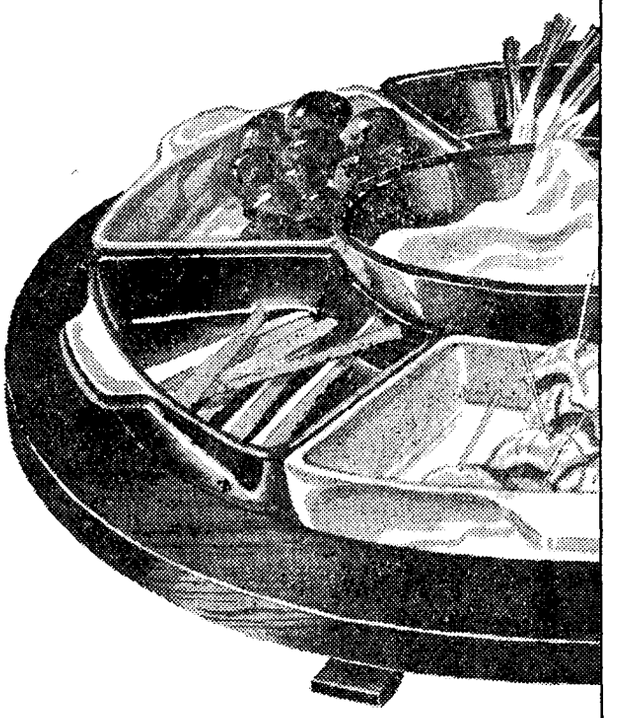

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strained debate. More to the point is the fact that the Spirit of Unity descended from Heaven on an historical occasion with the prime purpose of binding men together as brothers. This descent is more related to Mr. Chase's problems than the fall of Galileo's weight or Newton's apple. Admittedly there are tricks to human relations but these are subject to the spirit of unity. Ultimately the only men who can agree are those who love truth and who love their enemies. Among such as these a few principles of group government would come in handy, very handy.

Of Note

Freud and Religion: Another View

MARYSE CHOISY, editor of *Psyche,* is the author of "Psychoanalysis and Catholicism," which was first delivered as an address before the Catholic Institute of Education at Ghent, Belgium. The essay is presented in English for the first time in the Spring number of *Cross Currents* (Box 189, New York 27). The following is an excerpt.

> I believe that the moralists have been more severe on Freud than the mystics. At root there is a grievous misunderstanding here. Psychoanalysis has never wanted to prescribe but to *describe*. This is the distinction one must make between psychology and ethics. When Freud discovered certain traits of human behavior, he kept himself from assigning any value to them. He registered facts and in accordance with them searched for useful attitudes. A few pragmatic considerations could be drawn from them. But facts ought never to frighten the observer. Like every science, psychoanalysis is neither moral nor immoral. Authentic morality exists for it only when man is completely free. As long as he is neurotic, he is not responsible. In this is not psychoanalysis in accord with theology which teaches us that it is necessary to be fully conscious in order to sin?
>
> By this method of sounding unconscious motivations psychoanalysis simply places us on guard against majority, false religion, false merit. Thus it eliminates, it cleans house.
>
> I am always astonished too when certain pious authors, perhaps moved by a sickly fear of sexuality, prefer Adler. Probably they are not very familiar with either Freud or Adler; it is their only excuse. To me it seems contrary to the Catholic tradition to consider the desire for power more important than love. What becomes of the virtue of humility? Ambition does not attain and by its nature would not know how to approach a spiritual life. How would it start out from the tight cage of its ego of flesh? It closes all the passage-ways.
>
> Love—even in its base forms—is the only energy capable of leaving a closed circle of egoism and of cutting a path between two souls. Lucifer believed himself God's equal, just like Adler's neurotics. He wanted to surpass his father. He fell into a hopeless and bottomless abyss. But the love of Christ was able to transform Mary Magdalene and Angela de Foligno into saints, in spite of—or perhaps because of—the nature of their sins which left intact their capacity for love. Starting with Freud's libido it is possible to glide to the superior level of the *Agape*. But the Adlero-Nietzschean will-to-power leads to the total drying up of sensibility. When he wanted to pass from individual psychology to moral considerations, Adler was forced to postulate a "social interest." The Adlerian sentiment of inferiority finally results in an over-compensation of pride. The Freudian sentiment of inferiority dissolves itself in the course of perfection. The purpose that is aimed at: to become more lovable.
>
> I can understand better how a religious man would be more attracted by Jung than Freud. Jung was the first to re-establish the place of the divine in the norms of the psyche. He insisted on the reality of the myths. . . .
>
> But Jung's position remains uncertainly between two extremes. The theologian perceives very soon that under the psychic levels governed by the principle of the logos, Jung has rediscovered the cults of the pagan deities, and these he cannot obey.
>
> Then the Catholic realizes that it is more difficult to go from Jupiter to Jesus than from a materialistic method to the doctrine of the Church. I believe that the theologian prefers the lack of presuppositions of a rationalist in which he can set down his doctrine, rather than a mystical pagan construction that it will be necessary to adapt—if needed, such adaptation is possible—to Catholic requirements.
>
> In addition, Latin minds, fond of rigor and clarity, object to the obscure side of Jung, his very religiosity. With Jung we lose on both counts. The Jungian demonstration becomes a begging of the principle in question. Personally I admire Jung very much, but for the work that I have to undertake, I need an indisputably scientific base. To materialists I wish to speak the language of materialists. When you mention Jung, Cartesians turn this into an argument: Surely you see that the Freudian method is inseparable from atheism. One cannot be a Freudian and a Catholic at once. Jung is a religious mind, but cloudy and anti-scientific. You cannot then make anything spiritual starting out from solidly-established scientific knowledge.
>
> If one applies a Cartesian norm to this Cartesian reasoning, it appears irrational enough. Just because the bridge with Freud has not yet been made, does not mean that it cannot be done.

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Books

Nietzsche: Philosopher, Psychologist, Anti-Christ. Walter A. Kaufmann. Princeton. $6.

FEW philosophers of the nineteenth century have left such a deep impression on the thought of our time as Friedrich Nietzsche. This is certainly not so much the result of a consistent and clear-cut world view as it is the effect of the author's unusual power of suggestion. Though he did not write more than thirty or forty poems, he had an immense influence on German poetry of the twentieth century. This poetical power is evident also in his prose. The intensity of Nietzsche's writings explains why he had such an influence on many very diverse trends in modern life. Nietzsche was quoted by Nazis and anti-Nazis, by nationalists and by "good Europeans," by moralists and immoralists, skeptics and metaphysical thinkers.

Nietzsche himself was aware of his inconsistency. He claimed that for one to create a philosophical system demonstrates a "lack of honesty."

The biographers state that Nietzsche's madness broke out suddenly on January 3, 1889—in the forty-fifth year of his life. They say that it was schizophrenia and that during the following eleven years Nietzsche lived like a ghost, deprived of his intellectual capacities. Can we really suppose that such a disease could change the intellectual features of a man in a single day, or must we suspect that this disturbance existed before and was already the cause of the unusual inconsistencies in his philosophical thinking? In general, his last work, *Ecce Homo,* is treated as the work of a sane man. I think this is a strange way to treat a book full of absurd megalomania, with chapters like "Why I Am So Wise," "Why I Am So Clever," "Why I Write Such Excellent Books," "Why I Am a Destiny." I am afraid that we have to accept such work as marking the decomposition of a brilliant but deranged mind.

How much Nietzsche's fight against Christianity and his posing as the anti-Christ contradicted his innermost nature can be seen very impressively from an event that occurred on that very day which supposedly marked the outbreak of his insanity. When a coachman maltreated his horse in the market-place of Torino, the German professor who had tried to debunk the doctrine of the Crucified threw his arms around the creature's neck and broke into tears of Franciscan love. In spite of Nietzsche's incontestable genius, we cannot expect to find in him a synthesizing mind, weighing carefully all the ifs and buts and developing a consistent philosophy; we are faced with the discords of a frenzied spirit who saw many things with striking clairvoyance and expressed them in the most impressive ways.

This situation presents a handicap to anyone who attempts to give a synopsis of Nietzsche's philosophy. Walter A. Kaufman approached his task in the most scholarly way and he had a sincere intention of creating a comprehensive reconstruction of Nietzsche's thought. An emigré from Germany who had been a Nietzsche enthusiast even before Hitler came to power, he is especially aroused at the Nazi misinterpretation of Nietzsche and the thesis of the American historian, Crane Brinton, that Nietzsche was half a Nazi and half an anti-Nazi. Professor Kaufmann claims that Nietzsche's praise of the will-to-power has been misinterpreted and that it is inseparable from his idea of sublimation.

The author, in an appendix to his book, offers good translations of some of Nietzsche's poems; also his translations from Nietzsche's prose are more accurate than those in other current Nitezsche translations. Many chapters of his book give a very accurate analysis of certain features of Nietzsche's thought. It is, therefore, really a pity that Kaufmann, in his zeal to present an apology for the philosopher he admires, passes over many of his contradictions, or creates the most complicated and artificial constructions in order to harmonize the contradictory. Especially absurd, in my opinion, is his chapter on Nietzsche and Socrates, in which he disregards, almost completely, Nietzsche's opinion of Socrates as a shallow enlightener who destroyed the world of Aeschylus. On the whole, Kaufmann tends to deny the romanticism of Nietzsche and to belittle the influence of Schopenhauer, while he brings his philosopher as close as possible to Socrates and Hegel.

A great part of Professor Kaufmann's book is devoted to Nietzsche's repudiation of Christ. There is a calculated attempt to bring the emotions of different years to one consistent conviction. But Nietzsche himself disliked anything unconditional and said that "convictions are prisons." Kaufmann tries to persuade us that Nietzsche loved the man Jesus of Nazareth but disliked Christ the Redeemer. This brings his hero much closer to certain tendencies of liberal Protestantism than Nietzsche's aversion to Luther, his disdain of Strauss, and his admiration for the "powerful beauty and sublety of the princes of the Church" would permit.

But the inconsistency of Nietzsche is perhaps nowhere more evident than in his judgment of Christ and Christian matters, oscillating from deep admiration to grim hatred. We find even within the same work a sensitive understanding that to love man for God's sake is the most noble sentiment ever attained by man and at the same time a very bitter condemnation of the hypocrisy of Christians. Recent German Catholic authors like Steinbüchel and Paul Wolff have emphasized that Nietzsche was a fanatic in search of truth who fought the pharasaical element in historic Christianity. But even such a theory presupposes perhaps too much consistency in Nietzsche's thought. It is characteristic of his complex psychology that both the Christian and the anti-Christian aspects were always present in his mind, and he was very much convinced of the catastrophic dissolution of all cultural traditions;

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indeed he called himself a "decadent."

On the day following the outbreak of his insanity, he wrote various letters and postcards, some of which he signed "Dionysos," others "Nietzsche Caesar," and still others "The Crucified." The possibilities of pagan and Christian world views had always been simultaneously present in his mind, both opposing and compromising each other. The crisis of his life only unveiled this inner tension in a shocking way. Any attempt to make Nietzsche's thought comprehensive, however strongly it may be based on profound knowledge, and to smooth away his contradictions, is not congruent with the complex nature of his torn mind.

MAX FISCHER.

A Celtic Miscellany. Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson. Harvard. $3.75.

THOUGH handicapped by what promises to be 1951's dullest title, this anthology of his own translations from the Celtic literatures by the Professor of Celtic at Edinburgh (late of Harvard) should strike the unprejudiced lover of literature as one of the liveliest collections of prose and verse in years. It contains 244 extracts, all newly translated by the author, only a very few of which will be familiar in any form to the non-specialist reader; they come from all six of the Celtic literatures—Irish, Welsh, Scottish Gaelic, Manx, Cornish and Breton — and range in date from the seventh century to the nineteenth. They have been selected and arranged under ten headings—Hero-Tale and Adventure, Nature, Love, Epigram, "Celtic Magic," Description, Humor and Satire, Bardic Poetry, Elegy, Religion—with the object of helping the reader "to judge what the Celtic literatures are really like."

Mr. Jackson is deeply concerned to scatter the clouds of misty mysticism enshrouding Celtic literature in the popular mind; he pours perhaps excessive scorn on Yeats's term "Celtic Twilight," forgetting that Yeats in his later, more truly Celtic, phases rejected the vagueness that had never been a part of Celtic tradition till Macpherson's notorious *Ossian* put it there. "In fact," writes Mr. Jackson in his preface, "the Celtic literatures are about as little given to mysticism or sentimentality as it is possible to be; their most outstanding characteristic is rather their astonishing power of imagination."

The prefixing of an introductory note to each of the ten sections of the anthology gives the author an opportunity to point out several other important characteristics of Celtic literature, but the selections themselves may well persuade the reader that vividness and precision—not always accompanied by conciseness, unfortunately—even more than imagination are the hallmarks of Celtic literature. In the sections devoted to Nature, Description, and Epigram, one is reminded over and over again of the principles (and some of the practice) of Ezra Pound's Imagist school of poetry. Nos. 71 and 72 recall at once Wallace Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird." No. 141, "Froech in the Dark Pool," must be quoted here, though on the verge of becoming hackneyed:

> He went away then and broke a spray from the tree, and carried it on his back through the water. And this was what Findabhair used to say afterwards of any beautiful thing which she saw, that she thought it more beautiful to see Froech across the dark pool; the body so white and the hair so lovely, the face so shapely, the eye so blue, and he a tender youth without fault or blemish, with face narrow below and broad above, and he straight and spotless, and the branch with the red berries between the throat and the white face. . . .

With its flashes of color and its sharp contrasts, the picture is unforgettable. Incidentally, the book contains a pronouncing glossary of the Celtic names, if a name like Findabhair alarms you.

The Celtic imagination is often too extravagant for my personal taste; fantasy, to my mind, should always preserve a link, however tenuous, with reality. Yet the magic gaming-board of No. 131, on which the

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pieces were playing a game without human assistance, the winning side giving a shout, "just as if they had been men," has haunted me for days.

There is no possibility in a review like this of giving an adequate idea of the book's extraordinary variety; one *might* make the criticism that this "miscellany" is almost too miscellaneous to leave a clear impression on an unprepared reader the first time through, were it not that nobody except a reviewer ever does read an anthology straight through. Used as a bedside book, this collection should provide enjoyment for a month, a year, or a lifetime. One might also argue in favor of fewer and longer prose extracts, and regret that, in the interests of liberal translation, Mr. Jackson saw fit to attempt metrical translations of only four of the poems; admittedly, many Celtic verse-forms demand word-music of a complexity undreamt-of in English, making the translator's task more than usually impossible (if one can speak of degrees of impossibility), but this fact also carries the sad implication that a literal prose translation leaves the lay reader more than usually out of tune with the original. Yet over and over again the intensity of feeling and utterance proper to poetry leaps over the barriers of language, as in No. 120, "Christ before Pilate":

> How strange to see Him, on a false charge, in Roman hands, questioned by a vile worm; and judgment passed by Man on God.
>
> VIVIAN MERCIER.

Invitation to Moscow. Z. Stypulkowski. Thames and Hudson. $3.50.

THAMES and Hudson, a new publishing firm interested in both sides of the pond (their books are distributed in New York by David McKay Company, 225 Park Avenue) have chosen the most timely possible subject and author for their first volume to appear in this country.

For Mr. Stypulkowski, a Polish lawyer, survived Gestapo questioning in a German prisoner of war camp, the seizure of his family and their dispatch to a German concentration camp, and six years of underground life, only to be asked to dine with Marshal Zhukov, together with fifteen other Polish leaders. Taken by air to the rendezvous, all sixteen found themselves in Moscow, in the Lubianka jail. At their subsequent trial, fifteen of the detained guests pleaded guilty. And the sixteenth, Mr. Stypulkowski, neither confessed in prison, nor pleaded guilty. Instead, he defended himself, was given the lightest possible sentence, was freed when he had served his term and then sent back to Warsaw, whence he came to London.

As the introduction by that veteran historian of underground movements, Mr. H. R. Trevor Roper, suggests, the interesting thing about the confessions extorted from prisoners of the Soviet is that whereas some suppose they are the result of torture the prisoners always seem in good health.

In other words, what is important about Communism is not its similarity with Nazism, but its difference. And one of the chief differences is that the Soviets do not use torture in the Nazi sense. They don't bash in genitals or tear out finger nails. For the result they want is not what the Americans found at Dachau or Buchenwald. They want people—all people—to love Big Brother.

And, therefore, they are a thousand times more dangerous. Do not, said Jesus, fear what man can do to your body. These were words for the millions of the Resistance in every German or Japanese occupied country, and thousands in Germany itself. But those with whom the Soviets have finished are shamed, disgraced, cowed, battered, morally and interiorally.

Mr. Stypulkowski describes, in detail, the one hundred and twenty-one interrogations he endured, many lasting eight and ten hours. In 1942 Mr. Stypulkowski became head of the National Armed Forces, or NSZ, a Polish underground which had at its command some 100,000 soldiers. These were used and approved by the Soviet during the winter of 1942-3, but by the spring of 1943 were vilified by them, and accused of anti-Semitism, brigandage, and

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collaboration with the Nazis. Mr. Stypulkowski does not directly deny these charges, for he does not wish, he says, to infer "that the NSZ was a faultless body, whose members never made mistakes, never committed indiscretions or excesses, even. Only people who take the line of least resistance, who leave it to others to fight their battles, and who are ready to serve any master however vile, are able to keep their hands quite clean."

Whatever the condition of the author's hands, there is no doubt his head is in excellent shape. In prison he taught himself Russian, and at his trial, conducted his own defense in that language and even managed to browbeat his Soviet interrogator! It is a fascinating story, told as dully as possible. ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Oxford Companion to the Theatre. Ed. Phyllis Hartnoll. Oxford. $8.

IT IS never very difficult to pick holes in an encyclopedia of this kind and it is possible to go after Phyllis Hartnoll's on the grounds that its information is heavily weighted in favor of the English, as against the American, theatre, that the American material seems not to have been well-coordinated or evaluated, that cross-indexing has not eliminated a good bit of repetition in the longer studies of period theatres and period techniques, that the work of the various contributors is uneven and here and there gets a little rhapsodic for a reference book, and so on.

All of this, however, is minor criticism and even beside the point in the face of what the editor has succeeded in doing: producing a handy guidebook for specifically theatrical, rather than dramatic, reference. This was needed. There is already in print plenty of material in digest form concerning plays and playwrights. While the playwrights are briefly treated here, the plays have been omitted in favor of entries on playhouses, actors and actresses, scenic methods, and the kind of thing the practical theatre student is always looking for and rarely finds. The accent of the book is not on literature, but on production; the volume is thus unique in its field, and very welcome.

WALTER KERR.

•REVIEWERS•

MAX FISCHER is on the faculty of the New School for Social Research in New York City.

VIVIAN MERCIER teaches literature at Columbia University and City College of New York.

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There have been many changes in the world, an abundance of history since that issue of The Commonweal was put to bed. The Catholic Novel is still being heatedly discussed but less now as an abstract idea than as a concrete literary fact. General MacArthur's recent welcome-home parade outdid Byrd's and indeed all others. The United Nations has supplanted the League of Nations but many of the same old problems have arisen. With the persecution of the Church in China, the question of a native hierarchy is now very much a key question. (There are today many Chinese Bishops and one Chinese member of the College of Cardinals).

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